Bill Weichter
1313 Lyndon Lane, #115
Louisville, KY 40222

10/5/00

Dear Bill,

What has happened to you?

Aside from the fact that I love you and appreciate your many favors you have suddenly, in effect dropped dead and more, you have gone out of your way to add to the problems I have when I am, as to a degree at least you know, more feeble than I ever imagined I would be.

Clay was in touch with you one the major problem and got no response.

I was and I also got no response.

This is very much unlike the man I thought I knew.

So, first, how about levelling about yourself and next the business. But I'm so weak mostly I do not make and keep copies to remind me and I'll have to do that from memory. I may repeat some I'll omit the medical, which has been disasterous and, were we 20 or more years younger could yield a retirement, some of the local doctors and the hospital have been that bad. To give you an idea of how bad it is, I fell down and while I was not aware of it was driven to the hospital, walking to and from the car and into the emergency room. It was quote some time later that, although still ambulatory, I came partly to and on seeing the doctors around me saw the cardiologist I fired about 20 years ago when he lied and his lie hurt me. I have and the hospital knows I have a local cardiologist. And then I find out I'm to be operated on and by the surgeon who had been recommended to me earlier by my then nephrologist, and I had fired by mail with a copy of the letter to the nephrologist, who should have taken it as notice that he was next. Both lied when the consequences were so serious what they had me lined up for was strictly prohibited by Johns Hopkins. But the surgery I than did have was by the guy I'd fired and both of those guys ignored my medical needs and lied to me. By accident I caught the surgeon filing a report on his examination of me that he did not make! Did not see me that day. So, I fired them both all over again and all over again that was and is beng blocked. What was ignored that should not have been I won't take time for but in their determination to teach me that I'm a piece of crap and no more and am not to ask questions they even, and this is literally true, got a male nurse to remove the catheter in my arm and he did it with such violence that when he was finished I had two large areas of subcutaneous bleeding where he just squeezed my arm that hard. They were about 2 1/2" by 3". And when he took the IV out he left two large and apparently deep scabs because the first did not come off for more than a week.

And this is the least of it. I'm only giving you a notion of the new problems.

They did much more to me that I won't go into and that all started when I tried to see the top dog after they dropped her, broke a hip and did not check for anything else. When I ~~forced~~ forced that she had two blood clots on her brain and she has not been the same, not been normal, since then.

Several years ago or almost that, the hospital ignored five ulcers on my legs and sent me to a nursing home when I had no need to be there. They never discharged me and ultimately I discharged myself. But while I was in the hospital or nursing home our place was entered at least two time and aside from the spaces in the files making it clear files were stolen, they just for deviltry broke this typewriter. Jerry got good to take the books and they are the most profitable thing the book store has. Then, with other such discoveries, including the theft of my file copy of our wills, he got them to take possession of the files. All that were in the basement.

One of the first thefts I discovered was of the manuscripts I've been writing to leave that record for history. So, when I could I asked Clay for a list of them. He wrote you and asked you for the titles of those you have and you never replied. Of course I was negligent in not keeping a written record but I spent all that time in writing until these local medical disasters all not indicated above, cut me back on that. Nobody can imaging that anyone could do that much in such a relatively short period of time, more so at my age and in my health. In all, there should be about 30 book-length manuscripts. And while I'm still alive I much to at least get them all listed and where the cassettes are going back, replace them if possible.

It had been my intention to ask you to lend Clay those he does not have. He is getting everything onto a CDrom, so they'll last.

Maybe I've omitted more than I've indicated but if any of this needs explanation, please let me know.

I don't think there is anyone I've known I would have considered less likely to create or be in any way part of this situation than you. It is unlike you as a person and it was foreign to our friendship and our relationship. I can't think of anything I could have done to offend you so that troubles me because what remains is that whatever it is is in your mind. I won't repeat what I said in the past about that.

I told you I'd pay whatever it costs to have the woman who works for you make a list of the titles. If I do not have the ribbon copy of any of those I'd then like to borrow them for Clay to add to his on CDroms.

And if you have any questions, any of any kind, please do ask them.

There is something I do add because it may not be clear above.

I've been on hemodialysis for more than a year and it is knocking the hell

out of me. I mean, literally, killing me. It is that taxing on the body. My fall referred to above was one result. I had one clot almost a foot ling and about three inches wide, projecting out for the body at least two inches. At the hospital they injected three bags of plasma, each one holding more than a pint, plus some white blood. And when I'm home after the dialysis ~~not~~, with much less being removed from my body, I usually have to take a nap. That takes at least three days out of my week, often more. Katy, the fine woman who, part-time looks out for Lil and me, will not let me drive to the dialysis center now. She gets up at 5, with a husband and six kids to get started, off to work or school, takes me there and picks me up because I'm so weary I may oversleep and because I'm so unsteady when the treatment is over.

There is an alternative, peritoneal dialysis, done at home and in the abdominal cavity but what is wrong with my blood that led Hopkins to nix that almost certainly would have ended me sooner.

Bill, there is nothing we can do about it but Lil is no longer the persson you knew and, at 68 and 67, we are both lucky to still be here. Particularly lucky for me becuuse all the docyors have been surprised at what I have overcome. I look back on what I have done in six of the past eight years, with some of that time spent in hospitals, and while I regret that I could not do it better, I am impressed by the volume and by the reactions from those who have read any of it. Jerry, for example, is using some in his own writing, and that I like. That it be available to others was one of my interests.

One day a week Katy, the woman who helps Lil so, takes Lil out to lunch. Lil in her wheelchair, and it is a real lift for Lil's spirits. Today I am going with them and I just saw Katy taking the ~~hee~~ wheelchair to the car. I'll read and correct this after we are back and will mail it tomoorrow. But if there is anything I have done to offend you it was certainly not intended. And if this is ~~affec~~ a fear or an apprehension in your mind, some things are inevitable and we are better off trying to recognize and live with it and them.

I miss your chatty, interesting and informative letters, too. and clippings

As it is I do not know what I have done, who has any of it that may be missing here, what I should next do. etc. And, with what time remains for me, I might be wasting time by doing what I have already done. I can't remember all of it.

Whatever it id, please snap out of it.

Best to you all,

Jacob